

ZEPPELIN SEEN SINKING IN THE NORTH SEA—OFFICIAL

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

GIRL SERGEANT WHO WAS IN SERBIAN RETREAT.

P18562.



Slavka Tomitch, a Serbian girl of eighteen, who is now a sergeant, after serving two years as a private. She was seriously wounded in a battle against the Austrians, but on recovering rejoined the ranks and went through all the hardships of the great retreat. But to-day she is still fresh and rosy-cheeked.

HEROES MEET THE KING: CROSS FOR EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD LIEUTENANT.

P17914.



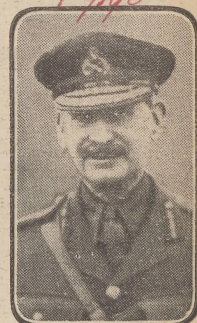
Lieutenant Alan Alcock, who is only eighteen, showing the Distinguished Service Cross which he won while serving with the Royal Marines at Gallipoli.



Captain Walters, who was awarded the D.S.O.



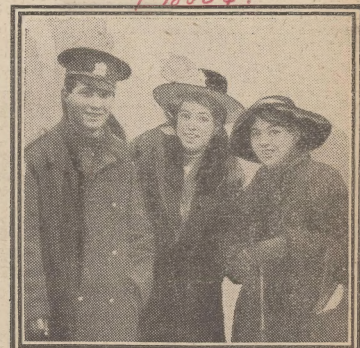
Cheering Corporal Bassett, V.C., a New Zealand hero.



Brigadier-General Walterstorf, who was honoured.



Piper Laidlaw, V.C., the piper of Loos, congratulated by Captain Grant.



Sergeant Smith, V.C., leaving the Palace with his mother and sister.

The King bestowed about 130 naval and military decorations at the investiture at Buckingham Palace yesterday. Among those honoured was Corporal Bassett, New Zealand's first V.C.

PRESS-A-BUTTON GERMAN PIRATE AS "JEKYLL AND HYDE" OF SEAS

Sir E. Merewether's Story of Quick-Change Raider.

APPAM DECLARED PRIZE.

All on Board Except Prize Crew Permitted to Land.

A more picturesque melodrama than the episode of the Appam and its captor—the mysterious German raider, which by pressure of an electric button transformed itself from a merchant ship to a cruiser, is hard to conceive.

Sir Edward Merewether's story, too, of the gallant fight of the Clan MacTavish, the little gun of which continued to bark at the pirate although the ship was afire, gives a splendid picture of doughty British sea-dogs.

It has been officially announced, says an Exchange Washington message, that the Appam is considered a war prize.

Mr. Lansing, says a Reuter Washington message, has decided that there is no question as to the Appam's status as a prize, but that her disposal still involves further consideration of the Hague Convention and the Prussian-American Treaty.

NEWPORT NEWS, Feb. 3.—It has been decided that everybody on board the Appam, except the prize officer and the members of the prize crew, shall be permitted to land whenever they desire to do so.

The decision means the release of all whom Lieutenant Berg intended to hold on board the Appam, including a dozen passengers who belong to the English Army or Navy, the so-called "gun-pointers" of the sunken merchantmen and the crew of the Appam.

When Mr. Hamilton showed the memorandum to Lieutenant Berg the latter agreed to comply with the Government's decision.—Reuter.

MAGIC OF THE RAIDER'S MASK.

OLD POINT COMFORT, Feb. 3.—Mystery still clings to the Moeve.

Sir E. Merewether related how the vessel approached the Appam. "When she was within 200 yards the forward and aft railings, previously looking solid, disappeared magically in sections, composed of accordion-like strips of steel, which dropped into slots on pressure from a button on the bridge.

"Square structures which had been mistaken for deck houses also collapsed, and exposed batteries of guns, between four and six inches. The gun crews were at their stations ready to begin operations instantly the guns were unmasked. It was no use to offer resistance. It is absurd to say we did.

"OFF TO THE UNKNOWN."

"After the prize crew boarded us they first freed the German prisoners, and then armed them with rifles to guard us. Then followed the transfer of the Moeve's captives to the Appam. When it was finished we started for a destination unknown, with forty-three Germans, half of them former prisoners, over us.

Sir E. Merewether declared the raider was a vessel of 3,500 to 4,000 tons, and believed she was originally a fruit trader.

The captured British skippers say she was a converted merchantman named Ponga that was fitted out recently. Mr. James said he was sure she was not the old naval Moeve, which he knew.

Captain Barton, of the Corbridge, said she was a new boat, with her decks strengthened to carry a battery which would do credit to a first-class commerce destroyer. Her hold was fitted for fruit carrying.

Four guns were mounted forward, masked by a collapsible steel forecastle, and two aft. He saw the name of Ponga on a plate, and the same name on papers in the commander's cabin.

POLITE CORSAIRS.

Mr. Fuller said that in addition to the guns on the forecastle, the raider was equipped with two torpedo tubes. All agreed that they had been treated well.

All who had come ashore expatiate on the gallantry on the Clan MacTavish's fight with the raider with a six-pounder in her bow. Fifteen of the crew were killed and many wounded before she sank, following two interior explosions.

Sir E. Merewether said: "The fight with the Clan MacTavish was fine, if it was one-sided, lasting fully half an hour. The little gun continued to bark long after the German shells had set the Clan MacTavish on fire in half a dozen places.

"Finally the German discharged two torpedoes. Both struck, and the Clan MacTavish heeled over in a short time and disappeared."—Reuter Special.

The owners of the Clan MacTavish are officially informed that the captain and the entire European crew are safe, but prisoners on the German raider. Several natives were killed.

TRAGIC NEWS AT FATHER'S ELECTION

At the moment when the re-election of Mr. John Hinds, M.P., as president of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade for the ensuing year was being projected at the annual meeting at the Holborn Restaurant yesterday, a messenger arrived with the information that Mr. Hinds's son had died from wounds received at the front. In silence the election was carried, followed by a vote of condolence.

COMPULSION DAY.

Royal Proclamation Brings Act Into Force Next Thursday.

IN KHAKI BY MARCH 2.

The days of the laggard single man are literally numbered.

The King yesterday signed, at a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, the Proclamation under the Compulsion Act, fixing February 10 for the Act to come into operation.

The text says:—"Whereas by the Military Service Act, 1916, it is provided that that Act shall come into operation on such date as We may fix by Proclamation, not being more than fourteen days after the passing thereof:

"And whereas the said Act was passed on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1916: now, therefore, We do hereby fix the Tenth Day of February, nineteen hundred and sixteen, as the



Hughes.



Henderson.

Captain Robert Hughes and Chief Engineer Kenneth Henderson, of the London steamer Woodfield, two men who have upheld the magnificent traditions of British seamen. Though eight of the crew were killed and fourteen injured, they carried on a fight against a U boat for four hours.

date on which the said Act shall come into operation."

The text of the Act on this point says:—"The appointed date for the purposes of this Act shall be the twenty-first day after the day on which this Act comes into operation."

It is therefore decided that March 1 shall be the last day on which the unattested single men from eighteen to forty shall be civil civilians.

On March 2 they will all be "deemed to have enlisted" in their groups.

Subject to appeal to the tribunals, each will be called up when his group is dealt with.

Already twelve groups have been warned, so that the compelled man under thirty-one years of age will be due in khaki as from March 2.

Special efforts will be made to enrol all single men before the appointed day.

ROSES ALL THE WAY.

Pretty Custom Revived at Wedding of Lord Howard de Walden's Cousin.

The country practice of strewing flowers in the bridal path has fallen into disuse of late, but it was revived yesterday at the wedding of Miss Mary Ellis, a cousin of Lord Howard de Walden, to Captain Denis Critchley-Salmonson, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The five bridesmaids, who might have stepped out of a Shakespearean play, in their Juliet gowns of apricot hue, distributed favours of white heather and snowdrops among the guests. They then exchanged their baskets for others filled with rose leaves, which they threw before the bridal couple.

The bride wore a white gown with Venetian lace, with a train heavily laden with trimmings of ermine and silver tassels.

The bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Ellis, is by way of being an expert skater, and in the old days was to be seen regularly cutting the most fantastic figures at Prince's.



Private Tom Crichton, of Glasgow, who has been awarded the D.C.M., was the recipient of gifts from his fellow-workers and the directors of the firm. Mr. Tom Boyd is here seen making the presentation.

NO SIGN OF STINT.

Wave of Extravagance Seems To Be Sweeping Over Great Britain.

POPULAR 2s. 6d. CIGARS.

It appears to be undoubted that, despite high taxation, a wave of extravagance is sweeping the country.

The bulk of the people are not suffering financially owing to the war.

Many classes, on the contrary, are thriving on war profits and war earnings, and there seems to be a considerable section of the community that economises in some things merely to have the more money to expend in others.

Inquiries made by *The Daily Mirror* go to prove that there is little, if any, sign of economy in personal pleasures and indulgences among the richer classes.

Entertaining, one of the most fruitful sources of extravagance, is still carried on largely. The manager of one of the biggest London restaurants admitted that his patrons were as numerous and open-handed as ever.

Further inquiries elicited the fact that champagne and the more expensive wines show no signs of decreasing popularity.

Cigars, if anything, are more popular, the anti-trading regulations having encouraged the habit of cigar-smoking in smoke-rooms.

Men willingly buy their friends shilling and half-crown cigars, when in other times they would have bought them a ninepenny whisky and soda.

One form of luxury—travel—is very much restricted—foreign travel being almost impossible; but the week-end resorts are still well patronised.

In working-class districts the demand for jewellery and fancy articles is almost greater than the supply. Gramophones and similar machines are being bought eagerly; picture palaces are filled to overflowing.

A TURK'S ESCAPE.

Home Office Clerk Said To Have Cancelled Internment Order.

"It is a lamentable thing that there could be found a man in a public office like the Home Office who was prepared to go to such lengths."

Thus spoke Mr. Muir, for the prosecution, at Bow-street yesterday, when a further charge of forging a public document, a minute upon the Home Office file relating to the application of one Moïdo Perez for a permit, was preferred against John Dallas, of Brixton, a clerk in the Home Office.

He is already charged with No! Joachim Altani (alias Altshuler), of Dalston, with conspiring to pay money to Dallas to act in violation of his duties.

Mr. Muir said that on December 28 an Ottoman Jew named Moïdo Perez was notified that he must present himself for internment. Apparently he got into communication with Altani, and on January 1 an application by Perez for a permit was dealt with by Dallas.

Dallas telephoned to Scotland Yard instructions to get the local police at Hammersmith to cancel the order for internment, and to issue a permit to Perez to travel to Tilbury.

The result was that Perez presented himself at Tilbury and sailed for Holland on January 3. The case was adjourned.

FORTUNE IN A HAND GRENADE.

It is computed, say Messrs. Hughes and Young, patent agents, of 55, Chancery-lane, W.C., that no less a sum than £150,000 has accrued in royalties to the fortunate inventor of a hand grenade.

The inventor of the Gardwell machine gun is said to have made £85,000.

OUR PRESENTS FOR THE KAISER.

Mr. Lloyd George on Smashing Through to Victory.

NEW SHELL FACTORIES.

"The work you are doing is going to smash the way through to victory."

Thus spoke Mr. Lloyd George last night at the opening of Y.M.C.A. dining rooms which have been erected for the use of workers in one of the new munition factories.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 workers are employed at the factory, and few were absent last night. On the platform were Mrs. Winston Churchill—who is the fairy godmother of the enterprise—Lady Henry Grosvenor, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mrs. Bonham-Carter, and Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle.

The walls of the works were hung with flags of the Allied Powers. In the centre, suspended from the ceiling, was a picture of a workman with both hands placed on a 12in. shell. Underneath was written, "Trust us. We will deliver the goods."

Mrs. Winston Churchill, who was given musical honours and loud cheers, read a message from Major Churchill in the trenches. She laughed heartily at the words, "For she's a jolly good fellow!"

ROW AFTER ROW OF SHELLS.

On rising to speak Mr. Lloyd George found that he was invisible to some of the men at the back of the hall. Amid general cheers he climbed on to the table, and it was from that point of vantage that the whole of his speech was delivered.

In this he said that if they had seen, as he had, row after row of shells just waiting to be sent across as presents for the Kaiser, they would realise how they stirred the heart of their troops.

Without them scores of their gallant men must fall. Now they would not only force



Mrs. Nellie Best, hon. secretary of the Women's Anti-Conservation League, whose premises were visited by detectives from Scotland Yard yesterday. A large quantity of papers and pamphlets were seized.

through to victory, but would come back to rejoice.

He was so glad to know that they realised this, and this was not a fight merely between the British Army and the Kaiser, but between the British workmen and the German. The British workman was supplying the material which was going to win the victory and destroy forever Prussian militarism.

It was a terrible war, and only those in it could tell how terrible. It was a war that was going to make a difference in the life of this country and in the life of the world, whether for better or worse could not be estimated.

Before the opening ceremony an inspection was made of the new dining rooms. There is a large staff of willing waitresses, who look very pretty and picturesque in their light blue dresses with white caps. The rooms themselves are large, light and airy, and between five and six hundred men can be fed at a single sitting.

NEW ZEALANDER V.C.

The King held another Investiture at Buckingham Palace yesterday, and bestowed some 130 military and naval decorations.

The ceremony was especially interesting inasmuch as his Majesty decorated the first New Zealander to win the V.C.

This was Corporal Bassett, of the Engineers.

His Majesty, in a few words, paid a tribute to the manner in which the Colonial forces had rallied to the support of the Motherland.

Another notable figure was Piper Laidlaw, who but for his severe wounds would have been decorated a couple of months ago.

THE PRINCE RETURNS TO FRANCE.

The Court Circular announces that the Prince of Wales has left Buckingham Palace on his return to the front.

Read "My Experience of a Real 'Schlacht' fest," by Ernest Hamilton, on page 5.

ZEPPELIN L 19 SEEN SINKING IN THE NORTH SEA

**Trawler's Official Report
to the Admiralty.**

20 HUNS ON GASBAG.

**Wrecked Air-Murderers Ask the
Skipper to Save Them.**

TAPPING HEARD ABOARD.

ONE GAS-BAG LESS.

By this time the Zeppelin L 19 seen in a sinking condition in the North Sea has probably sunk and her crew drowned.

The L 19 was one of the latest type. It would have been very pleasant to have captured the crew, but the trawler, with its few men, was wise to take no risks. The Huns might have overpowered them and turned the trawler into a minor Appam.

A thrilling story of a Zeppelin's cowardly attack on a collier was yesterday told by the three survivors of a crew of sixteen. The Huns were, however, out of luck, for the Franz Fischer, which they destroyed, was a German vessel that we had interned.

MORE APPAM MYSTERY.

The Appam mystery, far from being solved, is becoming more involved. What was the vessel that sank eight of our ships?

It was not a submarine; it was not the Moewe. It was a vessel manned by a crew of several hundred and carrying torpedo tubes.

Could it by any chance have been a German armed liner or war-craft that has been lurking all this time in some unknown port?

Apparently the Americans regard the Appam as a German prize. Yesterday's telegrams will be found on page 2.

CALAIS ONCE AGAIN.

All signs indicate that the Germans are once again about to make another thrust for Calais.

French experts say that the Allies are preparing to meet a new offensive between Dunkirk and Calais. Other messages state that at least 3,000 and perhaps double that number of guns have reached the western front from Germany.

**BABY-KILLERS WHO ASKED
TO BE RESCUED.**

**Trawler of 9 Hands Thought Capture
of 24 Foe Unwise.**

The Grimsby trawler King Stephen (commanded by Skipper William Martin) put in there yesterday and reported that on Wednesday daybreak the vessel found the Zeppelin L 19 disabled in the North Sea.

The car was entirely submerged, and part of the envelope was floating in the water, the Zeppelin's crew being driven to the upper part of the envelope.

TAPPING WITH HAMMER.

Although at least twenty Germans came into view, there were others on board, as sounds of tapping with a hammer could be distinctly heard.

In all probability the Zeppelin would remain afloat for several hours.

Owing to the number of Germans it was impossible to attempt their capture.

They asked to be taken on board the trawler, but as the trawler crew only numbered nine hands all told the presence of two dozen Germans on board would have been most inadvisable.

The location of the airship was afterwards made known to the naval authorities.

There was little or no hope of the aircraft being saved.

Later news states that the crew of the Zeppelin numbered thirty, consequently the risk which the trawler skipper would have run in rescuing them was far too great, for he naturally imagined that the Germans could easily take possession of his vessel. Skipper Martin instead hurried into Grimsby.

It was also learned last night that the tug Frenchman reported that she had spoken to another tug at the mouth of the Humber which received the report from the trawler King Stephen. The tug Frenchman then proceeded at full speed in order to report to the patrol boat.

HAS SINKING ZEPPELIN GONE UNDER?

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Thursday, 7.48 p.m.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

A fishing trawler has reported to-day to the naval authorities that she had seen a German Zeppelin in the North Sea in a sinking condition.

**ZEPPELIN THAT BOMBED
COLLIER AT ANCHOR.**

**Dramatic Story of Ship That Sank in
Two Minutes.**

A dramatic story of the sinking in the North Sea of a Hartlepool collier, which was bombed by a Zeppelin on Tuesday night, thirteen of the crew being drowned, was told yesterday by a survivor.

Three of the survivors were the chief engineer, who belongs to South Shields; a steward, named Taylor, of London; and an able seaman, named Charles Hillier, a native of Newfoundland.

Hillier stated yesterday that they left Hartlepool at 2 p.m. on Monday (the day of the great air raid). The crew all told numbered sixteen. "About 10.30 on Tuesday night," said Hillier, "we heard a noise overhead such as I have never before heard."

"Presently a Zeppelin came right on top of us and dropped a bomb of a highly explosive character.

SANK IN TWO MINUTES.

"There was a violent explosion, and the ship only remained afloat for two minutes. The bomb dropped somewhere round by the engine-room. After the explosion there was no time to think of the boats."

"We were dragged underneath the water, and when I came up again I caught hold of a lifebelt. Later, after I had been swimming in the water, I came across my two companions, the chief engineer and the steward."

"They had lifebelts on, and by the aid of these we kept afloat in the water for an hour."

"It was pitiful to hear the cries of some of the other men who had come to the surface, after the disappearance of the vessel."

"Their cries died away, and we neither heard nor saw any more."

"SHOUTED FOR HELP."

"We shouted for help, and when we had almost collapsed through being immersed in the water we met a Belgian steamer, which, however, was unable to pull us aboard."

"A small boat was immediately lowered, into which three of us were assisted. By this time we were all unconscious."

Asked how the Zeppelin was able to locate them in the dark, Hillier said at the time the Zeppelin came over they were at anchor, and the anchor lights must have been seen by the men in the Zeppelin.

The irony of the whole thing is that the collier was German owned and was called the Franz Fischer. For some time she had been interned.

"STRONG AIR SERVICE."

Mr. W. Joynton-Hicks, M.P., says the Exchange, at the reopening of Parliament proposes to move an amendment to the Address in the following terms:—

"That this House humbly represents to his Majesty the desirability of placing the air services of the country on a firmer and stronger basis, and regrets that up to the present adequate arrangements have not been made to guard our country from invasion by hostile aircraft."



Germans find a battery which the Serbians had buried. The guns, however, had been destroyed, and were of no use to the enemy.

**"ONLY THE BEGINNING OF
AIR CAMPAIGN."**

**German Boast of Continued Raids by
Zeppelins.**

The German wireless news, picked up by Wireless Press, has some interesting sidelights on the Zeppelin raid, as witness the following:—

"Ackerman, Berlin, to United Press, New York.—It is pointed out that this raid must not be considered a reprisal for the Baralong incident."

"Weather permitting, it is hoped that this is only the beginning of an air campaign which has as its object the destruction of anything of military importance or of food values, so long as England continues her policy of starving Germany."

"It is explained that air raids have been impossible for some months because the air currents were against the Zepps, but the present weather conditions are ideal."

"WILFUL MURDER."

"Wilful murder against the Kaiser and Crown Prince as being accessories to and after the fact of the deaths," was the verdict returned by a coroner's jury yesterday at an inquest on thirteen Staffordshire victims of Monday's Zeppelin raid.

At an inquest in Leicestershire yesterday on ten victims the doctor's evidence showed that all the people died soon after the raid.

Two pitiful instances were given. One was that of a family of three—the father being at the front—who, hearing an explosion, ran into the street, and within a couple of minutes were killed by a second bomb, which mutilated them terribly and also fatally injured two other men.

In another instance a young couple who had only been married for three months were killed.

One boy told the jury that he was in his father's shop when a bomb exploded, a fragment striking his father on the chest.

**SHIP CAPTURED, LENT AND
THEN TAKEN BY FOE.**

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 3.—According to a telegram received in Vienna, the North German Lloyd steamer Koenig Albert, which was seized some time ago by the British and lent to the Italians, was sighted by Austro-Hungarian seaplane near San Giovanni di Medua, and captured by an Austro-Hungarian submarine.

The ship, which had 300 Serbian refugees on board, was towed into the Bocche di Cattaro by a destroyer.—Reuter.

ITALIAN PORT SHELLED.

ROME, Feb. 3.—About seven o'clock this morning enemy vessels bombarded the port of San Vito Chieto and the railway establishments at Ortona-a-Mare, on the western shore of the Adriatic, opposite Cattaro.

Only slight material damage was done.—Reuter.

**GERMANS BRING UP
3,000 NEW GUNS.**

**Foe Preparing for a Desperate
Thrust in the West.**

BRITISH EXPECT ATTACK.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 3.—From various information received by your correspondents on the Belgian frontier there is no longer any doubt that the Germans are preparing for a strong effort against the Allies' front in Northern France.

It is a long time since so many trains of artillery have passed through Belgium, and the number of guns which have arrived is estimated at no fewer than 3,000, and probably double this number have newly arrived at the front from Germany.

The attacks of last week must therefore be regarded as the first of only an introduction to a great and general offensive.—Central News.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—M. Marcel Hutin, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, says:—

Our British allies are expecting to be attacked, and are making all their arrangements in view of a new German offensive in the direction of Dunkirk and Calais.—Exchange.

HUN COLUMN SHELLED.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 3.—To-night's French official communiqué says:—

North of the Aisne the enemy trenches on the Vaulcorc Plateau and at the Ville aux Bois were bombarded.

Troops on the march on the Berry au Bac-Juvincourt road were caught by our fire.

In the Argonne there was very active mine fighting. We exploded numerous mines, which wrecked the enemy underground works, one at the Courtes Chausées, another at the Pile Morte, four at Hill 285—Haute Chevauchée—and three at Vauxous, between Hill 285 and the Haute Chevauchée.

Small parties of the enemy attempted an attack against our small posts, but this was stopped after an artillery and grenades action. On the heights of the Meuse we exploded a mine in the Bois des Chevalliers, and bombarded St. Maurice-under-the-Hill, north of Hattenehail.

In Alsace, south of the Thur, our artillery fire started a fire in the enemy cantonments of Oehlenberg.—Reuter.

ONSLAUGHT CHECKED.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

Yesterday towards the close of the afternoon, after a rather sharp bombardment, the German outlined an attack on our positions at the Bois des Buttes, north of the Aisne, Ville au Bois.

We immediately let off a curtain of fire, and that, together with our infantry fire, at once stopped their debouching.—Reuter.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 3, 9.10 p.m.—There has been heavy heavy artillery shelling during the day directed against our trenches around Loos and against Loos itself. We replied effectively.

There has been some mining activity about Hohenzollern redoubt and between this redoubt and the La Bassee road.

This activity was mainly on our part.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

The enemy artillery has vigorously replied to the shelling of the enemy positions over a wide front by our artillery.

North-west of Hulluch we occupied two craters caused by the exploding of English mines before our front.

In the region of Neuville the enemy increased his artillery fire until during the afternoon it assumed great activity. On other parts of the front lively artillery activity developed.

In the region of Peronne our airmen shot down two Anglo-French battle aeroplanes. Three of the occupants were killed and the French observation officer is seriously injured.—Wireless Press.

MOTOR SHELLS TRENCHES

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Feb. 3.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

Between Lake Babit and the Mitau road our detachments crossed German wire entanglements to fire upon the working parties.

South-east of Riga one of our armoured motor-cars dashed out in front of our trenches and shelled the enemy position. It returned undamaged though exposed to a heavy artillery fire.

Between the Dniester and the Pruth the enemy bombarded our positions with heavy artillery, including 12in. guns. Under cover of this fire the enemy twice attempted to advance near Ucieczke, but was repulsed.—Reuter.

HOW THE BLINDED SOLDIERS AT ST. DUNSTAN'S KEEP FIT.



Physical drill as they did it in the Army.



Bayonet drill. They have done the real thing.

Everything possible is done to make the lot of the blinded soldiers as happy as possible. At St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, they are taught a trade which will enable them to earn a livelihood, while drills take place every day. Exercises which they were accustomed to do before they lost their sight are chosen, as the men find them easier to carry out.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Pushball, a very suitable game for blind men.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE HOUNDS.



Lettice and Pamela, the little daughters of Mrs. Wellesley, at a meet of the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds, which was held at Gaynes Hall, St. Neots.

NEW PIECE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Richard Trotter and Miss Gladys Cooper as Emily Dilmor in "Please Help Emily" at the Playhouse.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Dorothy Dolbey and Mr. John Moore Collins (Colonial Service), who were married at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate.—(Elliott and Fry.)



DANCING WITH "THE QUAINTS."



Miss Peggy May, a new English dancer, who is only twenty. She is now touring with the "Quaints."—(Elliott and Fry.)

The Basis of Good Baking.

Cooks who want their loaves to rise perfectly don't leave it to luck; they leave it to "Paisley Flour," which they can always depend upon.

You can eat little "Paisley Flour" loaves all fresh and fragrant from the oven—they are so light and so digestible.

"Paisley Flour"
(Trade Mark)
The SURE raising powder.



Add one part to eight parts of ordinary flour. Mix well, dry.

7½d., 4d. & 1d. pkts.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Save 8/- by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

The following valuable prescription from a noted specialist makes an excellent cough remedy that can be easily prepared at home at little expense, and which is more effective than anything you can buy.

When you have once tried the following formula you will never again experiment with an ordinary cough mixture. A cough is a dangerous thing to trifle with, and should be treated with the best medicine obtainable.

From your chemist several boxes of Parment (Double Strength), 2s. 9d. worth, take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief, and will usually cure the most obstinate cough within twenty-four hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Croup and Chest pains.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a slight tonic and laxative effect which makes it an ideal remedy for the home. Every person suffering with a cough is advised to give this recipe a trial. There is nothing better.—(Advt.)

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS

Special Supplementary List of this Month's

Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.

SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay. Write at Once.

IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c.

Illustrated Fur List Now Ready.

ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

13/9 Baby's Long Clothes, magnificent parcel, 40 articles covering everything; exquisite embroidered American Robe, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 18/9; worth £21/6; approval.

15/9 Real Russian Fur; very elegant rich dark sable brown; extra long Richlandton Stole; richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; together, worth £31; sacrifice, 18/9; approval before payment.

23/6 Most elegant Black Fox Shaped Princess Stole; extra long, latest Parisian style, and large Animal Muff; together, 21/9; worth £25; approval before payment.

59/6 Lady's real Coney Musquash Seal Coat, 25½-lb. long, exceptionally fine quality, latest, Fox model; originally £112; reduced to £21/6; approval willingly.

13/6 Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; beautifully made from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval before payment.

12/6 Gant's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18½-lb. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy solid links; 12/6; approval.

Lady's choice best Gold-set Keyless Watch, 14/6; approval.

14/6 Lady's choice best Gold-set Keyless Watch, 14/6; approval.

25/6 Lady's Bold Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Bracelet; 10 years' warranty; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; originally £25; reduced to £15/6; approval.

22/6 Superior quality Blankets; magnificent parcel, containing 3 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; worth £24; sacrifice, 22/6; approval before payment.

Magnificent set of rich Black Russian Fox

14/9 Colour Furs; long Granville Stole, trimmed tails and heads, and large Muff to match; original price, £20; reduced to 14/9; approval willingly before payment.

Lady's 18½-lb. Bold Gold Bracelet; 10 years' warranty; set one mass of lovely Russian pearls and turquoise; 13/6; approval.

3/9 (Worth £10/6). Fair full size Blankets, exceptionally choice, superior quality; sacrifice, 3/9; approval.

8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; solid links, 8/6; approval willingly before payment.

Lady's 24½-lb. Bold Gold Bracelet; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 19/9; approval willingly before payment.

19/9 dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, &c.; worth £24; sacrifice, 19/9; approval willingly before payment.

DAVIS & Co. (Dept. 141) Pawnbrokers, 25 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1916.

LAW AND WAR.

HAVE you ever been mad enough to go to law in the hopes of getting "justice"?—or, if not justice—that would be too much to expect—at any rate a clear issue, a definite decision, one way or the other, on any single point submitted?

If an insane optimism has ever induced you to seek such a result in the Kingdom of Compromise you have been bitterly disappointed. Each side got a shell and the lawyers got the oyster—that is to say, there was an immense amount of learned and very expensive quarrelling; there was a threat and an answering threat; much rudeness; several acid observations from the aged Judge; bullying of witnesses; raking in of indiscreet irrelevances; and, finally, compromise all round.

"We shan't get what we want; we shall get something." "Well, then, look here; offer them *so much*." "They want more." "Well, give 'em a *little more*." "How much more?" More wrangling. More fees. More compromise. All litigants furious. All lawyers satisfied. Case closed. Damages all round. Costs everywhere. Don't go to law.

Yet everybody does it.

And then these eminently successful barristers get into Parliament where they go on at the old game.

We watch them, bored to extinction, almost. But, in peace time, only bored.

But now a war, a hideous convulsion, arrives. See, in the midst of the shadows, stalks Reality. It takes the form of the universal sacrifice of youth, while the dug-outs and dotards fumble. It takes the form, too, of innumerable souls now stirred to life out of sleepy snobbery—souls whose indignation is rising faster and faster. "Oh, don't offend anybody. Oh, don't tell the truth. Compromise. Give this neutral that, and that neutral this. Don't even offend Germany. Don't do anything. Give a little here and a little there. Compromise."

The same in war as in peace!

What then of peace after war?

There is only one chance—to get rid of the dug-outs, dotards, and lawyers who fail. Otherwise, compromise in peace as in war. Otherwise, a bland speech before a sniggering House of Commons—a very clever parliamentary explanation of how "don't you see, we've really got nearly all we wanted—not quite all, because nobody ever gets that—that's only the perquisite of parliamentary lawyers—but quite as good a peace as anyone has any right to expect after so tire some a war which was nobody's fault. Ought we, the lawyers, to repent? (Laughter.) Ought we to stand in white sheets? (Laughter.) What a good joke! What a good time for joking! What good taste! Ah, these fine old British gentlemen! Well, we don't repent. (Cheers.) And we mean to stick to our jobs. (Cheers.) You mothers and fathers of the multitude have lost all? Your sons? Your beloved youths? Never mind. You've got us. And we mean to stay where we are."

Such is the compromising spirit to which the compromising minds of the aged lawyers and incompetent dug-outs will surely bring us if all of the humble public fail to be severe on failures. Our boys fight at the front against Germany. It is our duty here to fight on at home against the lawyers and dug-outs who fail. Make no mistake: we shall lose, if we don't get rid of our failures.

W. M.

THE TWO WARS.

War is honourable

In those who draw their native right maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But in those who draw their offensive blade
For added power of gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly curj.

—J. BAILLI.

MY EXPERIENCE OF A REAL "SCHLACHTFEST."

A REASON FOR "STRAFING" ENGLAND IN GERMANY.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

THE Kaiser's Government has solemnly issued an order forbidding Teutons from taking part in future in any *schlachtfest*—a law as irritating to any true German as, say, one forbidding an Englishman to eat turkey at Christmas would be here.

For the *schlachtfest* is a peculiarly German institution. It has an etiquette and observances of its own. No stranger can pretend to have any true knowledge of the German as he is unless an invitation to a *schlachtfest* has been accepted.

Such an invitation was extended to me some ten or eleven years ago, when I was studying in Germany. From that day and for ever more I knew why Germans are always talking and thinking of blood. It was on a glorious summer afternoon that I met a little family party of Ger-

man of Dickens's Christmas Carol, which she had apparently learnt by heart. She also impressed me.

The son was a youth of twenty. He was a university student and was so impressed with a recent duel in which he had participated that he had little inclination to talk to non-duellists like myself. However, I was still impressed.

I will not refer to the two young ladies beyond saying that they were in the "backfisch" or flapper stage; that they were very *schwaermisch* (sentimental) about everything and everybody and that they had very hearty appetites, which also impressed me.

KULTUR AND PORK.

Quite a chatty trip up the Rhine.

I said nothing, but agreed with almost everybody about everything, so creating an excellent impression. So much so that, on leaving the boat at Mainz, I also left my Frankfurt address and a promise to visit the family at Cassel the next month.

In due course I turned up at Cassel, left my card on the magistrate, was invited to afternoon coffee, and a few days afterwards had an

AIR PROBLEMS.

HUMBLE QUESTIONS FROM A FEW WHO WANT TO KNOW.

"WE MUST ASSUME."

DOES not the intense darkness of our cities give a better opportunity to the secret signaller?

Looking across a vast tract of blackness the other night, I noticed the extraordinary distinctness with which certain specks of light stood up. Innocent lights, no doubt, they always are. But certainly very distinct.

Still, "we must assume" that our air authorities know. OPTIMIST.

Willon-crescent, S.W.

IS IT TO SHOOT THEM WITH?

I CANNOT help wondering what is the object of having searchlights. We have them most nights playing very prettily, in all directions, round this place—presumably for the purpose of discovering Zeppelins, should any be in the vicinity. Then why are they so carefully put away on occasions when Zeppelins are definitely known to be on "the warpath"?

If they are for that purpose, it seems they are of considerably less value than one's ordinary sense of hearing; in fact, they are of no use whatever if they are only used when there is no occasion for them.

M. G. D.

NARROWNESS AND NAUGHTINESS.

NARROWNESS in education comes more from class prejudice than from anything taught at school. Some of our great classical scholars are the narrowest men conceivable.

As to the alleged "impropriety" of the classics, am one of those who hold that ignorance is fatal in all such things. Knowledge and free discussion are best. But that does not excuse the frivolous manner in which certain subjects are treated by classics put into the hands of boys.

L. B.

Putney.

THERE are no forms of naughtiness which are extinct. But there remain the old problems and difficulties of which we read in pre-Christian literature, and which, except among a few specialists, are still concealed beneath the taboos of the ignorances with tragical consequences.

TAB CAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

FIG. 3.—If fine sweet peas are desired this season seeds should be sown at this date. They can be raised in a cold frame providing it lies in a sunny position. The seeds should be sown in boxes or pots. If the latter are used set about five seeds in a 4in. pot. The soil should be fairly light and sandy. Set the seeds just under the surface.

After a good watering place the sweet peas in the frame, which must be kept closed until the young plants appear; then give all possible air. About the end of April the seedlings can be planted out in well-prepared positions. E.F.T.



(Mother of Master Bob's awkward questions.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

mans on the Rhine boat at Coblenz. The Rhine with its hundreds of robber-barons' castles dotted on the hillsides was most romantic, and almost everybody on board was eating and drinking as much as possible.

Never were orders given more quickly for veal cutlets and fried potatoes and sweet cakes with a lot of cream. Never did I see such prodigious quantities of beer and wine drunk in so short a time. To be brief, the Germans were behaving as Teutons usually do when on a holiday.

The little family group opposite me consisted of papa, mamma, two daughters and a son. Papa was short and stout, with his hair and moustache cropped almost to the skin. He was chief magistrate in the Cassel district and also a Privy Councillor. He told me all this when he bowed and introduced himself to me. I was quite impressed.

Mamma was also short and stout. She told me she found the English "sehr sympathisch" so very nice—and obligingly recited to me a

invitation to take part that evening in a *schlachtfest*.

I was one of a party of thirty that evening, and soon gathered that a *schlachtfest* is the festival that takes place coincidentally with the killing of a pig. The porker being slaughtered, divers portions of him are consumed amidst much rejoicing before the remainder of the carcass is salted or sold.

It was an amazing spectacle. I have never come across such a wondrous combination of "intellectuality" and gluttony. Herbert Spencer, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Wilde were bandied about by men and women who bolted down, as hard as they could, pork in every form, from chops to sausages. The favourite dish, however, consisted of blood sausages with vast quantities of sauerkraut and cold potatoes.

Pork hot and pork cold, pig's feet and pig's head and pig's brains, all were served up in rapid rotation, and all were washed down with wine and Munich beer and white beer with syrup in it. Then coffee was served with

liqueurs, and no sooner was this drunk than beer was again served.

And all the time everybody was talking on intellectual matters and on the superiority of German kultur. I have seen Normandy peasants at a wedding feast. They are terrible gluttons, but they do not talk about kultur. I have read Rabelais, and have a sneaking likeness for the rogue, but his big meals are spiced with wit; but for downright gorging I have never seen anything like the chief magistrate and Privy Councillor's *schlachtfest*.

But now the hated English are blockading Germany, and there are to be no more *schlachtfest* celebrations.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every day, as it rises out of Eternity, keeps putting to each of us this question afresh: What will you do before this day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?—F. W. Robertson.

ROWS AND ROWS OF SHELLS IN FRENCH DEPOT.

FIGHT AT



How many shells are shown in this picture? No prize is offered, but those fond of a "flutter" might organise a sweepstake. It would help to pass

the dark winter evenings. They are stacked in the depot ready to be sent to the front.—(French War Office photograph.)

DOCTORS IN A TRENCH.



Doctors at work in a second-line trench in the Balkans. In war time the medico has to contend with all sorts of difficulties. But he overcomes them all.

FIGHTING WITH ACID.



A Hungarian soldier using the apparatus for spraying the Italians on the Isonzo front.

AFTER AN AIR RAID.



Two little children examining a piece of bomb after an air raid "somewhere in England."

V.C. SIGNS THE ROLL OF HONOUR.



Lieutenant Fleming Sandes, V.C., signing the roll of honour at the Lewisham Town Hall. Standing beside him are his mother and the mayor of the borough, Alderman A. Hume Nicholl.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

AWARDED D.C.



Sergeant E. G. Win (Royal Rifle Corps), shot two Germans with a revolver and killed several others with bombs during an enemy attack.

0 FEET

WHAT PASSED FOR A ROAD ON GALLIPOLI.

g. 17102.

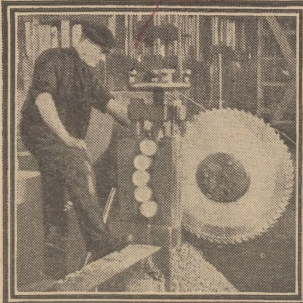


The main road through the Gully at Helles, which was almost impassable. Mud was quite 2ft. to 3ft. deep in places, and the ambulance

wagons had great difficulty in getting through at certain points.—(Official photograph from the Dardanelles.)

CANADA MAKING SHELLS.

g. 3223.



A volunteer worker in a Canadian munition factory. The Dominion's output increases daily.

BACK TO HIS OLD POST.

g. 119160.



A blind soldier, wearing the Croix de Guerre, selling vegetables in the Paris Covent Garden.

"NEW YEAR'S DAY TREE."

g. 119215.



The cooks of a Scottish regiment in the Balkans celebrate New Year's Day by decorating a tree with tins of bully beef, slices of bacon and stockings.

G SOLDIER.

18563.



H. King, originally dead. He is thought to have lost his mind to be in hospital under a long name.

AN ANZAC'S DYING WISH RESPECTED.

18563.



Piper Donald Fraser carries out the last wish of Private Inglis and plays "The Flowers of the Forest" at his graveside. Inglis, who died from wounds received at Gallipoli, was buried in a little country churchyard in Wales.



"Jack loves Jam

and he won't have any but Lipton's now. He has tried dozens, but he says that Lipton's has a richer fruit flavour, and beats the others for quality. And have you tried that wonderful 1/10 tea? We like it better than what I was paying more for elsewhere. Yes, my dear, it *pays* to buy Lipton Quality."

Lipton's Tea 1/10

Of a quality quite unobtainable at the price elsewhere.

Raspberry or Strawberry Jam 1/1½

Jar about 2 lbs.

Of unrivalled quality made in our own Factory.

Victoria Plums 6d.

In view of the possible shortage of fresh fruits, Lipton's Tart Fruits, preserved in Lipton's own factory, are wonderful value.

Many other varieties.

Margarine 6d.

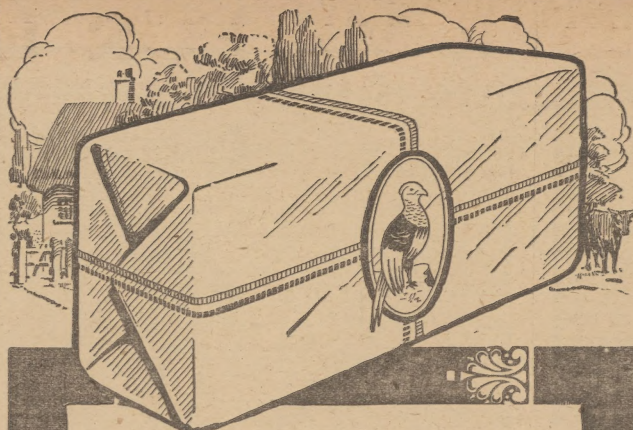
The famous Lipton quality. per lb.

LIPTONS take a personal pride in the excellence of everything they supply for table, and they are unrivalled for their value in Bacon, Hams, Cheese and Butter. Quality First—is the principle on which Lipton's business is being conducted. Judge for yourself how well that ideal is maintained in all you buy from Liptons.

You always save
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A Revelation

A revelation of Quality, Purity and Value—such indeed is Pheasant Margarine

Its delicious flavour, and its splendid nutriment have caused thousands of folk to realise the great value of Margarine as a food.

Try 'Pheasant' to-day—and know what Margarine can be!

PHEASANT MARGARINE

'Pheasant' is churned only with rich country milk.

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See the red, white, and blue riband, and the Pheasant seal.

PER LB.

(½-lb. packages.) Ask your Grocer for it.

On Cold Jobs!

A basin of hot Symington's Soup will do more to warm you and keep you warm than any fire or overcoat.

And "Symington's" puts good working energy into you, because it is not only a fine stimulant, but a first-rate nourishing food.

A 4d. packet makes a quart of rich, thick soup.



SYMINGTONS SOUPS

11 Varieties:—Mulligatawny, Green Pea, Lentil, Pea, Celery, Onion, Oxtail, Scotch Broth, Tomato, White Vegetable, Mock Turtle. Sold Everywhere.

W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD., MARKET HARBOR

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PER PKT.

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory at she would give the world to forget just rest.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. Her memories carried her back to a garden where she had stood with her in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Some of her had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then, and this man who had only been a plaything.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for moment in a close embrace. Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologized and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous joy.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has just received news, and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she just refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock she realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to her father, saying that she is making a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

She comes forward casually, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realizes that this is the awful truth—and that she has signed the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her fears are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her. Olive and Dick are married. Later Dick tells her that he cannot accompany her to their home up-country that night and adds, to her horror, that Rupert will go with her. The journey Rupert is sure that he knows the truth.

THE ORDEAL.

HERE was something in Olive's face as she stood there—something stricken, as though a blow had been physical as well as spiritual—at touched Rupert Heathcote with a sense of shame. It was as though wantonly he had wounded some beautiful bird and brought it down to earth wounded and dragged.

Yet he was conscious also of a sense of exultation. So it was true, this thing he had guessed at! Until to night he had not been sure. To-day the wedding he had almost doubted; but now he knew. All along Olive Chayne had loved him. She had travelled out to Africa believing that it was to marry him, and he had never known that he loved her and desired her above all the possessions of the earth.

But he knew now with a very bitter knowledge—when it was too late . . . when she was other man's wife.

translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Dick's wife. Not a stranger, but Dick, who loved and trusted him. To whom he owed a debt that the world never guessed at. Dick's wife.

"Olive!" He took a quick step forward, and she shrank back before him with a look of fear that added anger to his mingling feelings. "I'm sorry if I have hurt you, but the fact is true—you haven't denied it—it's not to be denied—and we must face facts, you and I."

"There is only one fact that you have got to face," she broke out passionately, "that I am your cousin's wife, that he placed me under your protection. Let us go back, please; I am very tired."

She had regained her courage—as by some miracle—as it seemed to herself. Her voice was very hard and cold. She moved forward, but he barred her way.

"Oh, I am not in the least likely to forget that," he said, bitterly. "Olive—"

"Please allow me to pass."

She moved forward resolutely, and with a shrug of his shoulders he let her pass. Time enough for all he had to say; long hours of solitude and moonlight. He was not going to make himself ridiculous by struggling with her here. Sooner or later she would come to see the reason of what he had to say.

He felt strangely calm as he followed her in the direction of the camping ground. He made no attempt to address her. They would be in his shoulders he let her pass. Time enough for all he had to say; long hours of solitude and moonlight. He was not going to make himself ridiculous by struggling with her here. Sooner or later she would come to see the reason of what he had to say.

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Fight was useless, and perhaps worse than useless. . . .

"I mean that we must act at once," Heathcote said insistently. "Let us strike camp and go straight on—back to the coast. There is a track that branches off the main way—if we lose no time we shall escape any risk of meeting him. And once there—this marriage of yours, that no marriage, can very easily be set aside."

"You must be mad to talk in this way to me!" she cried out.

It was strange how in that moment the thought of self had receded. It was Richard who was urging on her mind; for again she had married—who loved her and trusted her. Who trusted in this man who was ashamed to speak even his name!

"Oh, no. Most terribly sane," he assured her. "I want to hurt him as little as possible, and to go now, at once, will be to act honourably."

"Honourably!" Olive echoed the word with a sharp infection of contempt. "What an odd word to use. But, I see that you do not even guess what honour means."

She tried to draw away from him, but his grip on her arm tightened.

"I want to speak like that now," he said. "But remember—it's the afterwards. The for ever and ever. Think of what it means for always, with a man you care nothing for, and love eating out your heart like a cancer—embittering everything—here in this country that only love can redeem from its curse."

His voice was like a spell weaving about her; his eyes held her. She felt as though some deadly net was closing about her, and with a violent effort, she spoke, wrenched herself free.

"Rupert—whatever you say, I know it is madness that makes you speak to me like this. Go away now, and let me be alone. I promise that I shall forget all about it. Remember Dick and what you owe to him. Remember that I am his wife. Don't make me despise you."

"Dick!" For the first time he used his cousin's name, and to the listening girl it seemed a ring of hatred in his tone. "I shall remember what I owe to him—the loss of you. Only I will remember that every moment that I live. You can wait—I shall wait."

She heard his voice rise and fall, but she discerned no words. With her hands to her ears, she was running out the tent that was his refuge. Once inside she drew the flap to her, fastening them as securely as she could. Her breath came like the breath of some hunted thing, as she sank down in a crouching heap on the floor.

Outside an intense stillness had fallen over the camp.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

It had not seemed possible to Olive that any night could be so long.

She had made no attempt to undress; she had dragged herself up from the floor to the bed, that was all. She was weak and listless with the reaction of the strain she had gone through, and, though her discomfort was intense, it did not occur to her that she might lessen it by removing her dress.

It was stifling in the confined space of the tent, the kerosene lamp was going out and the air was thick with its fumes. But still Olive thought of was that when it went out she would be utterly alone in the darkness, and it seemed to her as though she could not endure that. "I'm afraid," she whispered, "I'm afraid!"

The words were uttered as a terrified child might have uttered them. To Olive they were a relief from the silence that seemed to her excited nerves to be full of whispering voices.

She was afraid as she had never been before. Fear had come up out of the forest and wrapped her about with its cold arms. Fear of the unknown terrors that walk in the darkness; fear of the man who outside waited as he had told her he would wait—for the capitulation of the fortress of duty. Fear of herself. . . .

Could she go through with this thing? Had she the strength of mind and will? For the "for ever and ever" Rupert had spoken of! It was one thing to be loyal to an absent man—would she be able to be loyal to him under the strain of his constant presence? She knew so well that Dick, after all, what demands might not he make on her loyalty!

The lamp flickered up madly, casting great shadows that ran swiftly on the canvas walls like living things, cracked and went out.

To Olive, sitting there rigid, the darkness came unwares. With it the voices with which her imagination drowned the silence were increased. She tried to tell herself that they were only the rustle of her own quickened blood in her ears, the mad throb of her frightened pulses. . . .

Then, all at once she was aware of a very different sound; a sound that was not to be dismissed by reason. . . . steady, like the first distant pattering of rain through leaves. The sound of feet moving about outside her tent.

She held her breath, caught her hands tightly together.

She could not have told exactly of what she was afraid—of a prowling beast, of one of the strange uncouth porters whose looks alarmed her, or of something more to be dreaded still. . . . She slipped to her feet and bent forward, listening.

It seemed to her that she had heard a whisper of her name. There was a pause and all sound ceased. Then again, and this time she was absolutely certain; someone called her name.

"Olive!"

Then the blood that had stilled in her heart rushed back with an almost choking relief. It was Richard Heathcote's voice.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.

Doctors Say Sargol Increases Over 200 per cent.

Few people realise when they have become weak, irritable, and lack nerve force, that they are suffering simply because their digestive organs have failed to extract as much strength from their food as they have expended in their daily toil.

If you have lost strength, tire easily, lack confidence in your ability to do things, or have become discouraged, no matter what the cause may be from, you can get back your old-time strength and energy by simply taking a little Sargol tablet with every meal.

Sargol contains six scientifically combined ingredients that will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat. It is absolutely harmless and never fails to benefit. It is not at all unusual to have the strength and nerve forces increased 200 per cent. by its use.

The evil effects from over-eating, smoking, drinking, late hours or over-indulgence of any kind are permanently overcome by Sargol.

A little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than twelve meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are "blue" and feel weak or irritable, and your nerves are off, and you want to increase your strength, go to Sargol, or any other first-class Chemist, and get a box of Sargol, which will last you over a week, and will do you more good and give you more strength than a month at the seaside.—(Advt.)

HEALING

by the Zam-Buk method is sure and painless. These points should be very carefully noted. The pure herbal extracts from which Zam-Buk is prepared are so beautifully refined and so perfectly blended one with another that a

SOOTHING

unguent of unprecedented healing power is the result. When Zam-Buk is applied to a cut, bruise, scald, raw sore, or burning rash, the pain is immediately charmed away while the balm's powerful

ANTISEPTIC

qualities prevent the infection of the tender or broken skin by poisonous disease germs which but for Zam-Buk's effective interference would set up blood-poisoning or skin-disease. For emergency use a box of Zam-Buk should always be kept handy.



Indian Tea

INDIAN TEA

makes a drink which is always refreshing delicious healthy



Miss Isobel Julia Hull.

Engaged.

I hear that Miss Isobel Julia Hull, the younger sister of Viscountess Charlemont and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, of Earlswood Mount, Redhill, is to be married to-morrow to the Hon. Alan Boyle, the Earl of Glasgow's son, who holds commissions in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Royal Flying Corps. The bride-elect's brother-in-law, the Viscount Charlemont, is an enthusiastic munition worker.

The Debutante's Moan.

These early days of February must of necessity recall the "other times" when this month was regarded as a prelude to the first weeks of the season. This time two years ago proud mammas were arranging details of debutante daughters' trousseaux for their first step into "society." Last year gave but a small chance to butterfly girls. This spring and summer promise even less.

Making Munitions.

Most of the debutantes are munition making, like two or three of Lady Farrar's six pretty daughters, who were to have come "out" this year. Lady Blanche Cavendish, the Duchess of Devonshire's second daughter, was another debutante-elect, and so was Lady Blanche Somerset, the Duchess of Somerset's eldest girl.

General French's Mission.

I see that Viscount French is not sparing himself these days, much as he deserves and needs a rest. He seems to be making it a practice to visit as many hospitals as he can—when he is not "Commanding-in-Chief" at home. And that is no sinecure in these days.

Looking in Better Health.

A wounded officer who had a brief chat with Viscount French when visited by the famous General tells me that the hero of Ypres and the other great fights is already looking much better in health than when in France. Viscount French listened very keenly to all the young officer, who was shot down in the advance upon Hulluch, had to tell him about the operations. These conversations will be more interesting to him than the reading of formal dispatches.

A Red Cross Tea.

As I was walking along Piccadilly I saw Adeline Duchess of Bedford driving by wearing a charming flowered toque. I learned later that she had been making final arrangements for the Red Cross tea-party at Burlington House. The Duchess and the Countess of Gosford, who has done such valiant work there, were much missed at this party.

Up the Pole.

Mr. Mark Allerton, the novelist, tells me a funny story concerning his efforts as a special constable on the night of the last Zeppelin raid. Mr. Allerton lives in an outlying district, and it was part of his duty to turn out the lamps in the roads. As he had no apparatus, he was forced to "swarm" up the lamp-posts. Half-way up a post he was caught by a party of "Tommies" who, thinking that Mr. Allerton was "making a night of it," cheered him to the echo.

Why Not?

There is a rumour in shipping circles that the gallant skipper of the steamship Clan MacTavish will receive at least the D.S.O. for his remarkable fight against capture by that mysterious German raider. I trust the rumour will prove to be true.

The Lady of the Haggis.

There is a Scottish Lady Bountiful at Victoria Station whenever a Scottish regiment leaves for "over there." Each Scotsman receives from her a skip of haggis—and haggis is, you know, dear to the heart of the Scot. I made inquiries and found that Mrs. Peter Brown, a Scotswoman, is the Lady Bountiful. "Even if it isn't Burns's birthday," she told me, "a Scotsman can commemorate his birthday at any time."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

"More" and Birmingham.

You may remember that some time ago I told you the story of the vaudeville booking manager who said that "More," the brilliant Ambassadors revue, was so clever as to be too clever for any provincial town outside Glasgow. He was wrong. "More" is playing this week at Birmingham, and despite Zepp. rumours is doing magnificent business. After all, Glasgow has not a monopoly of brains.

Mr. Cochran and the Empire.

The resignation of Mr. C. B. Cochran from the post of general manager at the Empire will come as no surprise to his friends. His private enterprises have been developing with such remarkable success that it has long been apparent Mr. Cochran could not continue to devote his time to the Empire. No one regrets his resignation more than Mr. Alfred Butt.

Alice, Where Art Thou?

Miss Delysia, fresh from film work, came into Ciro's yesterday for lunch in a beautiful green coat and a hat that only a fashion expert could describe. She showed me a letter from a young British soldier at the front. The youth says he has fought in four battles and not lost a limb. But he has lost his heart to Delysia. If this sort of thing goes on I shall accuse Delysia of aiding and abetting the enemy.

Is It the Last?

This is the latest portrait of Miss Doris Keane, who is still leading us up the primrose path of "Romance" at the Lyric Theatre. The charming young person who handed me



Miss Doris Keane.

this portrait tells me that it is the very last Miss Doris Keane will ever have taken, as she has developed a dislike of photography. I hope this is only a rumour or a passing feminine fancy.

"Shell Out"; Second Edition.

"Shell Out," second edition, has many—in fact, eight—new scenes. There are many new songs, the best being sung by Fred Emney as Curley-Sherlock, assisted by a Hyper Super Beauty Chorus of 2,000! Mr. Billy Gould and Miss Belle Ashlyn are two new additions. The former, among many other stunts, tells some good American stories, which are well received.

Full of Good Things.

Miss Belle Ashlyn appears as Mme. Fat and Leany in "Necromance," a new scene, in which she plays the part of an Italian opera singer who has just returned from the opera after a big success? She will soon be known as the artist with the indiarubber face. The second "Shell Out" is full of life, mirth and melody.

A "Jubilee" Mystery.

What has happened to the Jubilee Handicap? The Kempton race was the only one of the big spring handicaps advertised for the coming flat-racing season, and the entries were expected yesterday. The official sheet of the Jockey Club, however, contains no mention of the race, while entries are published for Newmarket as usual.

"D.C.M."

"Tommies" who have not been to the front and consequently not had a chance of gaining military decorations have sometimes had distinction of a not very desirable order conferred upon them. When I heard the D.C.M. referred to the other day in facetious terms and asked what the joke was I was told District Court-Martial.

The Referees.

I hear that when the boxing championships are decided at Golder's Green Mr. J. T. Hulls will referee the Wells v. Smith match and Mr. Eugene Corri will look after Sullivan v. O'Keefe. So we shall have two good judges.

Some French.

It seems a long time ago now since "Jim" Hulls and myself went over to Paris to clinch the Carpenter v. Gunboat Smith business. Everything went off splendidly except Mr. Hulls' patent French. The Parisians pleaded with him piteously to confine himself to English.

Gaby's Monkeys.

I hear that Gaby Deslys is providing America with other sensations than her famous jewels. This time it is two pet monkeys perched on either shoulder, with which she appears in public, and, as monkeys will be monkeys and behave as such, there is no doubt that they must provide a sensation.

Fresh!

Here is the latest "ad." from an American paper:—

**FRESH EGGS! FRESH EGGS!
FRESH EGGS!**

Without Having the Hens Actually at Work Under the Counter, These Are the Freshest Eggs We Can Get!

"So Dear."

The English idioms puzzle our French and Belgian guests. A friend tells me that one of them wrote to the suburban butcher:—"You are so dear to me."

Funked It.

I was amused at a party of mud-stained soldiers, who had bravely faced the shells for many months, absolutely nonplussed at the escalator at Oxford-circus, which they had never seen before. They hesitated a long time, and then decided to go down the steps instead!



Dr. Johnston Abraham.

The Surgeon's Log.

I hear that Dr. Johnston Abraham, the famous Harley-street man who at the outset of war joined the Army Medical Corps, is at present stationed in England. He is the author of that famous book, "The Surgeon's Log," which is in its ninth edition, and was in Serbia with the Red Cross. He has had experiences there which will make a magnificent record when he has time to write them.

"Please Return the Collar."

There is something very pathetic about the following advertisement taken from a Stuttgart newspaper:—"I have just lost my black dog, and should like to have information. If anyone has eaten him, will they please return collar bearing name of F. Bosler, 12, Ziegelstrasse, Stuttgart?" Poor old Tower!

Filming Criminals?

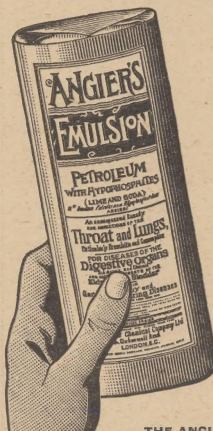
The idea of taking a short cinematographic portrait of criminals has, I understand, been suggested to Scotland Yard. It is only in motion that a man's characteristic features impress themselves on the observer. The detectives will doubtless enjoy their weekly visit to the "pictures."

A New Name.

In a restaurant which I sometimes use they have re-christened the savoury dish known as Vienna steak. It is now known as Belgian steak. Thus it shares the fate of Turkish delight, now Grecian delight, and German sausage, now English sausage.

THE RAMBLER.

Don't Trifle With a Cough! Cure it Now.



There is positively nothing equal to Angier's Emulsion for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all chest affections. By its peculiar soothing and healing effects it stops the cough, allays soreness and inflammation, improves the breathing, and makes expectoration easy. At the same time it keeps the digestive organs in a natural, healthy condition, and exerts a most invigorating tonic influence upon the general health. For twenty-four years Angier's Emulsion has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in the hospitals. It is the standard approved remedy for lung troubles, catarrhal digestive disorders and all wasting diseases. Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

Free Sample Coupon.

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Address.....

23 M.U. Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to

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Write in the Dark!

Every soldier, journalist or traveller needs this self-illuminating pencil, for use in the trenches or any where.

ELECTRIC TRENCH PENCIL
Nickel-plated, post free, complete with long-life battery

5/6

Extra Batteries 1/- each



No wires. Sliding the pencil out switches the light on. Nothing to go wrong. Bulkier than a pen-clips to the pocket. Agents Wanted. Write for terms, and learn how to earn spare-time money—liberal profits. ROWLEY & CO., Ltd. (Dept. D), 34, King St., Manchester

NEWS ITEMS.

PERSONAL.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity;
ladies only. Florence Wood, 105 Regent-st. W.

Over 880 Branches now open.

PLAYHOUSE. At 8.30. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.30. CHARLES HAWTREY and GLADYS COOPER in a new play, PLEASE HELP EMILY by H. M. Harwood.

Our Man to Win the War: By James Douglas, in "Sunday Pictorial"

"TRUST the People!" by
Mr. Horatio Bottomley
in the "Sunday Pictorial":

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

READ Miss Gladys Cooper's
Article in the Next Issue
of the "Sunday Pictorial":

THE TWIN MUDDLE IN "SAMPLES": A PETER PAN WHO APPEARS IN KHAKI.

S.P. 12715.

S.P. 12715.

S.P. 12715.



Tiny Turnbull and the Terry Twins.



Esme and Phoebe chat about the war.



Which is which? They are the Terry Twins.

"SIMPLY RIDICULOUS."

S.P. 12715.



The second Zepp. raid on Paris was described as "simply ridiculous." A bomb did make a hole in a wood, but no real damage was done.



The old style and the new. Peter Pan wears khaki now.

"I went upstairs last night—saw him in bed, thought he was me, so I came down again!" Thus speaks one of the Terry Twins in the revue, "Samples" which has moved to the Vaudeville. So alike are these twins that they get mixed themselves, and one sometimes thinks he's the other.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MR. REDMOND'S TRIBUTE TO ULSTER.

P. 574A.



Mr. Redmond (wearing bowler) arriving at Galway Town Hall with Lord Wimborne, the Lord Lieutenant. Ulster had led the van in Ireland's magnificent recruiting record, said Mr. Redmond.

A SOLDIER POET.

P. 18564.



Lieutenant Hugh Reginald Freston, many of whose verses have been published in *The Daily Mirror*. He was killed in action in France on the 24th of last month. His work was full of promise.

A PRETTY AUSTRALIAN BRIDE.

P. 193.



Lord and Lady Loughborough, who have just been married at Cairo. Lord Loughborough is the Earl of Rosslyn's heir, and his bride was Miss Sheila Chisholm. She is an Australian.